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No. 17.]

[Price 6d.

JACK
AND THE BEAN STALK.

BY

WILLIAM HODSON.

LONDON:
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PUBLISHER,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK
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JACK AND THE BEANSTALK:

A MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL
RHODOMONTADE, DIRECT AND IN VERSE,

(*Like the "Rule of Three."*)

Foolical, and Parable, Quizzical and Farcical,

IN INNUMERABLE ACTS
AND THREE SCENES.

BY
WILLIAM HODSON.

TO BE SEEN—TO BE LIKED.

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JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

CHARACTERS.

GIANT BLUNDERBORE { *a well-known Giant, distantly related to several Fairy tales.* }

JACK (*a Giant-killer and a young lady-killer*)

LUCY (*a girl of the period*)

MRS. BLUNDERBORE (*a girl of a former period*)

MRS. MARPLOT { *Jack's mother—inclined to give him a Jack-hitting.* }

SCENE—For a Parlour or Drawing-room, the Scene may be arranged as follows:—Provide four or six large sheets of brown paper, glue them together at the edges, with charcoal outline a piece of landscape, trees, &c., extending about five feet from the part intended for the ground. With powdered colours, size and water, paint in blue and white for the sky, the clouds, &c., with white only, shaded with white and blue and red ochre; then pure blue for the distance—same and yellow ochre for middle distance, and yellow ochre and Vandyke brown for foreground, adding bits of rustic work. When the ground colour is dry, then paint a large vine over the top and sides of scene, and on left a porch and sign-board, “Mangling Done,” this being hung up against the wall, with addition of clothes line and wash-tub, forms the first scene. The Beanstalk is made by a long strip of brown paper to reach from floor to ceiling, about eighteen inches wide—an old flower-box with a piece of blind-roller serve for the practical machinery, the stalk being drawn from the box to the ceiling of the room by means of a piece of twine run through a ring near the cornice of room—curtains may be festooned at the sides, and these when let down, should conceal the first scene, and form the second—the Giant’s apartment. The third scene is the first repeated. The Giant should conceal himself at the wing, and jump off at the proper time from a side-board or high chair. Jack should hide himself behind the beanstalk on a stool for this scene, and for the end of first scene.

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK.

DRESSES.

These must be left to the taste and discretion of the actors. The following hints may assist them:—

Giant.—A pair of white pantaloons or Nankeen trousers, well stuffed at the calves, and cross-gartered; boots, a shawl, set into a band for a skirt, with silver-tin or white card-board buckle, a Garibaldi or coloured shirt, a damask curtain for cloak, grotesque wool wig, and dish-cover for helmet, wooden dagger.

Jack.—(Should be played by a youth.) Knickerbockers and gaiters with tassels, scarf round waist, Garibaldi or loose shirt, turn-down collar, hat and feather.

Lucy.—(Should be played by a young lady.) A short dress of white muslin, short skirt over, hair in curls, head-dress of flowers, white kid gloves, white boots and tassels.

Mrs. Blunderbore.—(Played by a gentleman.) Full skirt and under garments, the body of dress may be made of yellow glazed lining cut square, head-dress or tiara of same with white muslin hanging down, boots and tassels, white kid gloves.

Mrs. Marplot.—(Played by a gentleman.) Shoes and bows, short petticoat with upper skirt looped up, kerchief or small shawl arranged over body, small apron, chignon, hair tied up with ribbon.

First produced in private, 29th December, 1869.

Time of representation—55 minutes.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

SCENE FIRST.—*View of Anywhere in Particular, with Mrs. Marplot's cottage. Clothes on line across stage.*

Mrs. MARPLOT discovered at wash-tub.

SONG—MRS. MARPLOT—AIR: “Cork Leg.”

A widow am I, without any slam,
I don't tell you now a word of a cram,
It's rubbing and scrubbing Jack's linen I am:
When he ought to be planting,
He's out gallivanting,
And he's kicking his heels
In quadrilles and reels,

And he don't care the least what his poor mother feels,
With a tooral, &c.

(coming forward) Oh, it's quite true—to me, though that's all one;
I'm forced to do this washing for my son.
“Tub be or not tub be”—it always follers,
I must get up that young scamp's fronts and collars;
He never asks me whether I am willin',
Nor pays me, however I may send my bill in.
It's useless making the most firm resistance;
I'm taking mangling in for an existence.
Oh, here he comes, as usual, I declare. (looking off, n,
As mad, I fear, as ever a March haro,

JACK. (*without n.*) Tol de riety!

MRS. M. Hark at him! There, I cannot guess
What things have come to. He'll get in a mess
With all his fast ways. Oh, it's of no use;
His *loose style* shows he has a *tile* that's *loose*.
And what I fear, would prove my greatest fright,
He'll go out on the loose, and come home tight.

(*goes up.*

Enter JACK, n.

SONG—AIR: “*Chickaleary Cove.*”

I'm a jolly little cove
When out upon a spree,
All thoughts about my pocket-money scorning;
I oft slip out at night,
Put my mammy in a fright,
By not making my appearance till the morning.

MRS. M. Oh, you naughty boy! where have you been?

JACK. To a Temperance Meeting!

MRS. M. Where's the green
In my eyc? that don't explain your outing

JACK. A fact, upon my honour, I've been spouting.

MRS. M. I'm very angry with you.

JACK. Dearest mother
My duty towards you is unbounded.

MRS. M. Bother!

Don't blarney me.

JACK. And let dare to me hope
That you are comfortably off for soap.

MRS. M. Why do you want to know?

JACK. Nay, don't refuse.
And is it Glenfield's starch you always use?

MRS. M. I use it all for you, yet I would bet
You'd wear moustachers!

JACK. I can't grow 'em yet!
You do my dickey's?

MRS. M. That's not all I'd do—
Just as I lather them I'd lather you.

SONG.—MRS. MARPLOT—AIR: “*Poverty’s Child.*”

Perhaps you’ll lose your mother,
But you’ll never have another ;
You are so dreadful wild,
But you’d better draw it mild.
With no one to assist her,
She washes for you, mister,
You may come to poverty, child.

JACK. Nay, mother, don’t be cross, how you do holler
Just ‘cos a fellow’s now out of collar,
Then too you world curtail my free enjoyment,
Only because I am out of employment.
And then you always keep me in disgrace.

MRS. M. Why don’t you manage then to get a place,
Or what is better far—no degradation,
Pursue a calling in your proper station :
Your father was a gardener—be the same.

JACK. I’m up to quite another sort of game.
Gardener, forsooth ! no, that’s against my natur’
I could not stoop to dig, its *infra-dignitatur*.
Besides, good dame, tho’ I would not be preaching,
Isn’t this going ’gainst your own good teaching ?
My moral culture I’ve been overhauling,
An horticulture’s (*a naughty culture*) not a moral calling.
Besides, again, for me ’tis far too slow,
We plough by steam, but seeds take time to grow.

MRS. M. You would do well to stick to it.

JACK. Oh, never !

MRS. M. You might do worser than it, howsomdever.
I’ll go—I see I am not wanted.

JACK. Tarry !

What say you now if I should marry ?

MRS. M. My poor lost boy ! (*embracing him.*)

JACK. You don’t see my appliance ;
I mean a wealthy matrimonial alliance.
See (*showing glove, fan, nosegay*) these are trophies of
my last night’s ball.
The owners say they love me.

MRS. M. One and all !
Oh, well, I never did, in my young days !
Girls are so forward now—that's what I says.
JACK. And what is this ? (*producing bean from pocket.*
Whatever does it mean ?
It looks like—yes, it is a large horse-bean !
Ah, I remember, an old lady gave it
To me, and told me I had better save it ;
'Twould bring me such good fortune. Well, who knows ?
Perhaps it will. I'll set it, so here goes !

(*Music—JACK sets bean at the side, R. U. E. Exit
MRS. MARPLOT with wash-tub, &c., and afterwards
with clothes-line to house, L.*)

Enter Lucy, listlessly, R.

LUCY. Oh, I am so dreadful, horrid tired ;
I've danced so much.

JACK. And been so much admired.
LUCY. Holloa, young man ! may I ask who you air ?

JACK. My name is Novel.

LUCY. Of that I am awarc.

JACK. My name is Jack—my father's it were Bill.

LUCY. Oh, never mind him.

JACK. On the Cramption Hill—

LUCY. Grampian Hills !

JACK. No, Cramption. In the heather
My parent took rheumatics ; then took to his feather
Bed—or rather, to his flocks.

LUCY. (*aside*) What breeding !

JACK. Those were the only flocks he took to feeding ;
But you're fatigued. (*observing her.*)

LUCY. And cross.

JACK. Of that I'm doubting.

So lovely, to be cross !

LUCY. You see, I'm pouting.

JACK. You pout your lips, till cherries they resemble ;
But you're not cross—you surely must dissemble.
If I might dare to say it, too, your wiles
Are dang'rous when you wreath your face in smiles !
Oh my, I feel so queer, that I must say

That to my heart you've found the shortest way—
You've wounded me

LUCY. I'm very sorry for you.

JACK. Do pity me, for really I adore you. (*kneels*)

SONG.—JACK.—AIR: “*Tommy Dodd.*”

We'll lead a very merry life,

We'll keep a house in town,

If you will only be my wife,

Oh say you'll be my own.

Since I've seen you I'm deep in love.

It makes me feel so odd,

My heart is riddled through and through,

With love of Lucy Dodd.

Chorus. You're the girl I'd like to win,
Lucy Dodd;

For you I wish I'd lots of tin,
Lucy Dodd;

In love I'm over head and ears,
Lucy Dodd;

So now for her I give three cheers,
Hurrah for Lucy Dodd!

(*the bean is seen growing up.*

LUCY. Jack, still I think our engagement should be ended,

Your fortune is too small.

JACK. Yes, but I'll mend it.

Oh, don't you fear, I'll equal you in station.

I'll take a first-rate government situation.

(JACK leads LUCY to scat at back.)

Enter MRS. MARPLOT, R.

MRS. M. (to JACK) Oh, you deluded orphan, oh, for shame;

Who's that young woman—what's the minx's name?

(JACK coming forward with MRS. MARPLOT.)

SONG.—JACK.—AIR: “*She's a Pal o' mine.*”

Don't make a noise and I'll tell to you

What luck I have had,

Lucy is a gal o' mine
 The best of girls I ever knew
 Is this gal o' mine.
 Upon my chance I take my stand—
 We've had some private talk,
 I claim this nice young lady's hand
 If you will not me baulk.

My dear ma, my dear ma,
 She's a gal o' mine,
 She a gal o' mine,
 That she is—ha! ha!

(the bean has grown up.)

Mrs. M. (R.) My wig!

JACK. (C.) My stars!

Mrs. M. My chignon!

LUCY. (L.) My back hair!

JACK. Upon my word and honour I declare —

LUCY. What?

JACK. I sow'd a bean.

LUCY. Ah, did you so?

JACK. And isn't it a stunning bean to grow.

(Mrs. M. gets telescope and looks up through it, business.)

JACK. But what an interruption. Botheration

This Bean's talk stops our further conversation.

Tat-ta! Good-bye! (runs up stage.)

Mrs. M. You wouldn't go to leave her.

LUCY. You'd not turn out a cruel, base deceiver?

JACK. No, never! (embraces LUCY and Mrs. MARPLOT.)

Dame Fortune points the way.

I'll mount her ladder. Fare you well, good day.

(JACK goes to stalk.)

LUCY. Oh, fatal chance; unhappy shall I be!

With all his fine talk, Jack is up a tree.

What girl is there not pleased to have a lover?

But then, who likes to think that he's above her?

TRIO—AIR—"Good-bye, John."

LUCY. It must be Friday morning, for
 My lover says good-bye;

JACK. The bean has grown to any length,
So I must mount sky high—
I pledge my troth.

MRS. M. Oh, bless you both.

JACK. My Lucy, weep no more,

LUCY. Make haste return,

JACK. For you I burn.

BOTH. Good luck's for us in store.

CHORUS. Good-bye John, don't stay long,
But come back soon
To your own chickabiddy.
Oh, my heart beats so;
Bean-stalks grow,
That take away my lover.

(LUCY and MRS. MARPLOT *exeunt*, n., JACK mounts up bean-stalk; a ladder having been placed behind it. Scene closes.)

SCENE SECOND.—*Giant's kitchen. Music, "Chinese Shadows."*

Enter MRS. BLUNDERBORE, *she lays table, chair, cloth, glass, etc.—dancing.*

MRS. B. There—everything is ready, clean, and straight;

If home the giant comes he needn't wait,
But sit down here and eat and gorge and stuff,
As fast as he can swallow, till he's had enough.

(pause) It's pleasant in the country to reside,
But sitting mum, is what I can't abide.

I don't e'en with my next door neighbour chat;
It's plain enough this kind of life is flat.

Talking to one's self at least beats mumbling,
And there's some satisfaction left in grumbling.

SONG.—AIR—“Rut-catcher's Daughter.”

Once on a time, that's long ago,

I was a most dutiful daughter,

Till Blunderbore height, with manners polite,
Made light of my heart to make slaughter,

He took off his hat, and down he sat,
 And turned out a wonderful courter,
 Till my papa so gay found me flown away,
 So he was bereft of a daughter.
 With a doodle dum, &c.

We married in haste—of love had a taste,
 But alas a change came soon arter,
 My giant so dear took to treating me queer,
 I began to feel I was a martyr.
 I cook and he eats, but the kind of treats
 I get are those I could barter,
 For with sniffling and crying I'm sure I am dying,
 Or I'll first make a hole in the water,
 With a doodle dum, &c.

(*loud knocking, L.*)

Who's dat knocking at the door?
 Dat you Joe?

JACK. (*without, L.*) No, Jack; and what is more
 I'll knock again.

Mrs. B. Begone, you understrapper.
 I think you no more than a spirit rapper.
 I'm not at *Home*, you needn't think to try on
 Me such jokes, I am not Mrs. Lyon.
 You're not the chap for me to parley to.

JACK. Oh, let me in, that I may *parlez vous*.
 I am a traveller, and I've lost my way.

Mrs. B. If Blunderbore should catch him, then, to pay
 The deuce there'd be. Yet—though 'tisn't proper—
 I'll let him in, and hide him in the copper.

(*exit* MRS. BLUNDERBORE, L., *and returns with JACK.*

JACK. (L.) Madam, I really must apologise
 For taking you thus wholly by surprise.
 Provoking, 'tis, to take you unawares;
 The trains are slow, (you know they've raised the fares),
 Then all the cabs have struck, you know that, too?
 'Twas, not the *handsome* thing for *cabs* to do;
 Travelling in this way 'twas that made me late,
 And hence my salutation at your gate.

Mrs. B. Young man, I grieve you showed your fair
young wizen
Before my house, to you 't may prove a prison.
I could a tale unfold, a very wrong 'un,
No man can set it right, except a strong 'un.
I am a deep embodiment of woe,
My lips are sealed--I'll tell you in *dumb show*.

(JACK goes up.)

(characteristic dance by Mrs. BLUNDERBORE—
knocking without, they both rush and look off.

Mrs. B. There is the giant come.

JACK. Oh, what a whopper!

Mrs. B. Come, hurry off, and get inside the copper.

(JACK gets into copper, R.—Mrs. BLUNDERBORE,
goes off, L., and re-enters with BLUNDERBORE.

BLUNDER. Mistress Blunderbore, I wish to state,
That at my own door I decline to wait.
I'd get *six months*, if I should stoop to beat you—
Instead of that, if you rile me, I'll eat you.

Mrs. B. I fear I'd disagree with you.

BLUNDER. No doubt.

The sauce might take you down.

Mrs. B. There now, get out,
You cannibal!

BLUNDER. Away! you false old sinner!
Yes, I can nibble, if you'll set my dinner.

(exit Mrs. BLUNDERBORE, R., and return with dish-cover
etc., BLUNDERBORE sits at table.)

SONG—BLUNDERBORE—AIR: “Meet me in the Lane.”

Oh, meat is just the game
When you want to dine,
With gravy and potatoes
It will go down fine;
Mint sauce and pickled onions,
A quart of cooper too,
I can eat enough for nine—
That's what I can do.
It often leads to sleeping,

It runs up the housekeeping,
The gourmand's pleasure reaping,
Yet how I love to dinc.

Oh, meat is just the game, &c.

Mrs. B. Now, hubby dearest, you've been in the city;
what's going on?

BLUNDER. I tell you it's a pity
Women will pry, they cannot comprehend
These things. They say, though, matters soon will mend.
That's several banks have broken. It just dropt
That draughts upon the Aldgate pump are stopped.
I heard a rumour, though not much relied on it,
That the Thames banks had both got on one side on it.
Then as to Leadenhall Market they declare
Its gone and sold the Poultry.

Mrs. B. That's not fair.

But what of ladies dresses? That's your sort.

BLUNDER. Oh, they are very long or very short.
About the ladies chignons—it is said
(The rumour may be wrong upon that head)
That ladies now build castles in their hair,
But that's without foundation.

Mrs. B. Well what wear!
Still that I call a jolly bit of news.

BLUNDER. The Horseguards too they say have got the
blues.
And as to war—at present nothing's doing
Hemp too is dull—in hops there's mischief brewing.
The Derby, when told "Hotspur's" tip wouldn't win it
The Admiral shook his head—there's nothing in it.

(evil Mrs. BLUNDERBORE, L.—BLUNDERBORE at table,
JACK enters slyly and tickles his legs with twig.)

Puss, puss, pussy. There now, I declare
I thought it was the cat beneath my chair.

(JACK repeats it.)
Oh, don't! whate'er you are whate'er you be
Come, cut your larks—Oh, can it be a flea
Within my hose. (JACK tickles his face and exit, R.)

Here, wife bring me some drink.

MRS. B. (*without*) From the green bottle?

BLUNDER. No girl, I should think
It must be the bluebottle—there it goes,
I thought I felt it settle on my nose.

Enter MRS. BLUNDERBORE, with jug and pipe, R.

MRS. B. What is it moves you?

BLUNDER. Something round me skipping
Like the mosquitoes brought here in the shipping.
They bring the pests always from parts that's furrain,
The rinderpest which we should call a murrain.

MRS. B. Allow me, sir, to give a slight suggestion—
You're suffering, I see, from indigestion.

There, let me see your tongue—it's very brown;
A dance, I think, would shake your dinner down.

BLUNDER. That is a bitter medicinal pill;
Spouse as you say I must, I s'po(u)se I will.

(*They dance minuet-tune, "Gavotte de Vestris."*)

MRS. B. There, take your pipe.

(*exit MRS. BLUNDERBORE, with dish-cover, etc., after
pouring out drink.*)

BLUNDER. Pour me out some drink—
Ho music! I will try and sleep a wink.

(*speaks through music.*)
To forty wink, to sleep, to dream—that's funny
I always sleep much better on my money.
For in these dreams of mine such things transpire
I often fancy the whole crib's on fire.
Wife bring my ready cash (for that I'll thank her)
I never will send loose cash to my banker. (he smokes.)

*Enter MRS. BLUNDERBORE with money-bags, R., she places
them on table. JACK puts his head in.*

MRS. B. So, there they are, and now I'll get the hen—
How she lays golden guineas I can't ken:
She is a hentertaining sort of cratur'
I couldn't incubate a hen to bate her.

(*exit R. and return with hen.*)

BLUNDER. All right my dear, fill up my cup.

Mrs. B. I'm thinking

Of late you seem to take much more to drinking.

BLUNDER. Never you mind, your jaw you'd better stop

(exit MRS. BLUNDERBORE, R)

I'm always jolly when I've had a drop. K

(music—“Come where my love lies Dreaming.”

(BLUNDERBORE sleeps.)

Enter JACK, R., takes up money bags and hides with them.

BLUNDER. (talking in his sleep) Ohho! ahah! hahum,
where is the slave?

Who knows not how to act nor yet behave?

Oh blow the wind until your checks do crack.

Enter MRS. BLUNDERBORE and shakes him up.

MRS. B. You've got the spasms lying on your back;
Get up. (BLUNDERBORE wakes, MRS. BLUNDERBORE hits him)

BLUNDER. Oh wife I've had such horrid dreams
They gave me quite a fright.

Mrs. B. Yes so it seems.

BLUNDER. Some ills a brewing, things are not quite
right,

For I did dream of money bags to-night,
(*discovers loss of bags.*)

The truth alas eclipses all my fear,
The money bags are gone! are gone! that's clear.

SONG—BLUNDERBORE—AIR: “*They are gone from my gaze.*”

They are gone from my gaze,

While I was in a dream,

If I seek them in vain

Very hard it will seem.

Should they not soon turn up,

I will (with other lies)

In the agony column

Of the “Tele” advertise.

But how, and when, who is it has me chizelled?

(seizes MRS. BLUNDERBORE.)

Explain at once, how has my fortune mizelled.
 Woman, confess, or in the deepest dungeon,
 This dagger in your heart I'll be a *plungeon*.
 Where have you put the swag? reveal it straight;
 I for auricular confession wait.

Mrs. B. My dearest husband, hear me. (*kneels.*)

BLUNDER. Then be quick.

Out with your tale, at once, smooth, straight and slick,
 Or this particular trifle you'll be feeling

(producing a large dagger.)

Across your throat; I shan't care for your squealing.

Mrs. B. You flurry me, I can't collect my wits.

BLUNDER. Be calm, I wait. (*aside*) I'll cut her all to bits.

Enter JACK, he steals across to her, n.

Mrs. B. I don't know nothing!

BLUNDER. Nothing?

Mrs. B. I assure you.

BLUNDER. You are a thief.

Mrs. B. (*pointing to JACK*) The thief now stands before you!

(tableau--JACK has taken up the hen and stands at back of stage, the hen cackling.)

BLUNDERBORE.

n. front.

JACK.

c. back.

MRS. BLUNDERBORE.

L. front.

FINALE—AIR: "Not for Joe."

Mrs. B. I see my hospitality
 Will cost me very dear,
 I foolishly did let him in.

BLUNDER. I'll cut short his career.
 If knaves come in to take my tin—

JACK. I wish that I could go.

BLUNDER. They must expect to be let in,
 Or else to meet a soc.

Sc. 3]

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

CHORUS.

BLUNDER. Oh dear no, you can't go.

MRS. B. You must know, sir,

I'm }
He's } your foe, sir.

Oh dear, no, you can't go,

I'm }
He's } your foe, sir,

You must know.

JACK. (c. front) Oh dear, no, I can't go,

I might know, sir,

You're my foe, sir, &c.

MRS. B. This rascal came in as a friend,

He passed the time of day,

We chatted gaily, what a sell !

BLUNDER. He shall not get away.

He grabs my cash, but I object

To parting with it so.

He must expect to drop the tin,

Or else to find a foe.

(they run after JACK, who dodges them, MRS.

BLUNDERBORE falls, BLUNDERBORE falls over
her, and they all scramble off L.)

SCENE THIRD.—Downshire, with Marplot's cottage (as
in Scene I.)

Enter DAME MARPLOT, leading in LUCY, L. U. E.

DUET.—AIR; “Away with Melancholy.”

DAME M. Don't give way to melancholy,

For time will changes bring;

To try and make you jolly,

I merrily, merrily sing, fal la.

LUCY. For me it would be folly,

Till time my Jack shall bring,

His return would make me jolly,

I'd merrily, merrily sing, fal la.

(repeat together—money bags fall from above.)

DAME M. What, golden showers falling from the skies?

LUCY. And Jack himself—surprise upon surprise!

Enter JACK from beanstalk, at r. side.

JACK. Here, at thy feet, Lucy, I lay my trophies ;
A trifle to buy tables, chairs, and sofas.

LUCY. (L., embracing him) I am so glad to see you back again.

You are not hurt ?

JACK. I haven't c'en a stain
Upon my polished upper leathers—see !
Nothing could cleaner, nicer, or more spotless be.

(noise without—JACK looks up beanstalk. DAME MARPLOT enters from the house and returns with telescope—comic business).

It is the giant—I will cut him dead ;
The case shall soon be settled on his head !
His swift career immediately I'll stop,
By ordering for his lordship just one chop.
Quick, pass the chopper—I must try and catch it.

LUCY. (giving hatchet) I'm not the sort of girl to throw the hatchet. JACK chops the beanstalk—it falls)

BLUNDERBORE stumbles on and falls prostrate, L. U. E.

JACK. (L.) How feel you after that ?

BLUNDER. (c. faintly) I am killed quite.
I'm done with that downer.

DAME M. Serve you right.

JACK. I've vanquished you.

BLUNDER. I give in !

JACK. Make your mind up.
Your hand upon it ! Help us with the wind-up.

(BLUNDERBORE gets up and comes forward)

Enter MADAME BLUNDERBORE, L.

BLUNDER. (c.) Ladies and gentlemen, once upon a time I met with a nice little book in rhyme, In which the story which you've just seen played Was told without the jokes we've called in aid ; So, thinking that your pleasure it would serve, We've ventured ; and we hope that we deserve Indulgent criticism. We can't mend it— Our play is done, and so we'd better end it,

FINALE—“Perfect Cure.”

BLUNDER. (*sings*)

Oh, we have playcd some funny tricks ;
You think us silly elves,
But in life's road we may get kicks,
So take care of yourself.

JACK. Once I loved a nice young gal,
Named Lucy, to be sure ;
When we are spliced I hope she'll prove
To me a perfect cure.

ALL. (*dancing*) A cure, &c.

DAME M. My washing o'er, my task is done ;
My cares I now lay by—
Those troubles for my slippery son,
I may confess my eye !

LUCY. Hand in hand with Jack, my life
In joy I may ensure.

MADAM B. In matrimonial bliss you'll find
For all a perfect cure.
All dance to “A cure, a cure,” &c.

LUCY. JACK. MRS. B. BLUNDERBORE. DAME.
(R.) (L.)

Curtain.

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AND

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JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

CHARACTERS.

Giant Blunderbore { *a well-known Giant, distantly related to several Fairy tales.* }

Jack (*a Giant-killer and a young lady-killer*)

Lucy (*a girl of the period*)

Mrs. Blunderbore (*a girl of a former period*)

Mrs. Marplot { *Jack's mother—inclined to give him a Jack-hitting.* }

SCENE—For a Parlour or Drawing-room, the Scene may be arranged as follows:—Provide four or six large sheets of brown paper, glue them together at the edges, with charcoal outline a piece of landscape, trees, &c., extending about five feet from the part intended for the ground. With powdered colours, size and water, paint in blue and white for the sky, the clouds, &c., with white only, shaded with white and blue and red ochre; then pure blue for the distance—same and yellow ochre for middle distance, and yellow ochre and Vandyke brown for foreground, adding bits of rustic work. When the ground colour is dry, then paint a large vine over the top and sides of scene, and on left a porch and sign-board, “Mangling Done,” this being hung up against the wall, with addition of clothes line and wash-tub, forms the first scene. The Beanstalk is made by a long strip of brown paper to reach from floor to ceiling, about eighteen inches wide—an old flower-box with a piece of blind-roller serve for the practical machinery, the stalk being drawn from the box to the ceiling of the room by means of a piece of twine run through a ring near the cornice of room—curtains may be festooned at the sides, and these when let down, should conceal the first scene, and form the second—the Giant’s apartment. The third scene is the first repeated. The Giant should conceal himself at the wing, and jump off at the proper time from a side-board or high chair. Jack should hide himself behind the beanstalk on a stool for this scene, and for the end of first scene.

822
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JACK AND THE BEAN STALK.

3

DRESSES.

These must be left to the taste and discretion of the actors. The following hints may assist them :—

GIANT.—A pair of white pantaloons or Nankeen trousers, well stuffed at the calves, and cross-gartered; boots, a shawl, set into a band for a skirt, with silver-tin or white card-board buckle, a Garibaldi or coloured shirt, a damask curtain for cloak, grotesque wool wig, and dish-cover for helmet, wooden dagger.

JACK.—(Should be played by a youth.) Knickerbockers and gaiters with tassels, scarf round waist, Garibaldi or loose shirt, turn-down collar, hat and feather.

LUCY.—(Should be played by a young lady.) A short dress of white muslin, short skirt over, hair in curls, head-dress of flowers, white kid gloves, white boots and tassels.

MRS. BLUNDERBORE.—(Played by a gentleman.) Full skirt and under garments, the body of dress may be made of yellow glazed lining cut square, head-dress or tiara of same with white muslin hanging down, boots and tassels, white kid gloves.

MRS. MARPLOT.—(Played by a gentleman.) Shoes and bows, short petticoat with upper skirt looped up, kerchief or small shawl arranged over body, small apron, chignon, hair tied up with ribbon.

First produced in private, 29th December, 1869.

Time of representation—55 minutes.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

SCENE FIRST.—*View of Anywhere in Particular, with Mrs. Marplot's cottage. Clothes on line across stage.*

Mrs. MARPLOT discovered at wash-tub.

SONG—MRS. MARPLOT—AIR: “Cork Leg.”

A widow am I, without any flam,
I don't tell you now a word of a cram,
It's rubbing and scrubbing Jack's linen I am:

When he ought to be planting,
He's out gallivanting,
And he's kicking his heels
In quadrilles and reels,

And he don't care the least what his poor mother feels,
With a tooral, &c.

(coming forward) Oh, it's quite true—to me, though
that's all onc;

I'm forced to do this washing for my son.

“Tub be or not tub be”—it always follers,

I must get up that young scamp's fronts and collars;

He never asks me whether I am willin',

Nor pays me, however I may send my bill in.

It's useless making the most firm resistance;

I'm taking mangling in for an existence.

Oh, here he comes, as usual, I declare. (looking off, n,
As mad, I fear, as ever a March hare,

JACK. (*without r.*) Tol de ricty !

Mrs. M. Hark at him ! There, I cannot guess
What things have come to. He'll get in a mess
With all his fast ways. Oh, it's of no use ;
His *loose style* shows he has a *tile* that's *loose*.
And what I fear, would prove my greatest fright,
He'll go out on the loose, and come home tight.

(goes up.)

Enter JACK, r.

SONG—AIR : “ *Chickaleary Cove.* ”

I'm a jolly little cove

When out upon a spree,

All thoughts about my pocket-money scorning ;

I oft slip out at night,

Put my mammy in a fright,

By not making my appearance till the morning.

Mrs. M. Oh, you naughty boy ! where have you been ?

JACK. To a Temperance Meeting !

Mrs. M. Where's the green
In my eye ? that don't explain your outing.

JACK. A fact, upon my honour, I've been spouting.

Mrs. M. I'm very angry with you.

JACK. Dearest mother
My duty towards you is unbounded.

Mrs. M. Bother !

Don't blarney me.

JACK. And let dare to me hope
That you are comfortably off for soap.

Mrs. M. Why do you want to know ?

JACK. Nay, don't refuso.
And is it Glenfield's starch you always use ?

Mrs. M. I use it all for you, yet I would bet
You'd wear moustarchers !

JACK. I can't grow 'em yet !
You do my dickey's ?

Mrs. M. That's not all I'd do—
Just as I lather them I'd lather you.

SONG.—MRS. MARPLOT—AIR: “*Poverty’s Child.*”

Perhaps you’ll lose your mother,
But you’ll never have another ;
You are so dreadful wild,
But you’d better draw it mild.
With no one to assist her,
She washes for you, mister,
You may come to poverty, child.

JACK. Nay, mother, don’t be cross, how you do holler
Just ’cos a fellow’s now out of collar,
Then too you would curtail my free enjoyment,
Only because I am out of employment.
And then you always keep me in disgrace.

MRS. M. Why don’t you manage then to get a place,
Or what is better far—no degradation,
Pursue a calling in your proper station :
Your father was a gardener—be the same.

JACK. I’m up to quite another sort of game.
Gardener, forsooth ! no, that’s against my natur’
I could not stoop to dig, its *infra-dignitatur*.
Besides, good dame, tho’ I would not be preaching,
Isn’t this going ’gainst your own good teaching ?
My moral culture I’ve been overhauling,
An horticulture’s (*a naughty culture*) not a moral calling.
Besides, again, for me ’tis far too slow,
We plough by steam, but seeds take time to grow.

MRS. M. You would do well to stick to it.

JACK. Oh, never !

MRS. M. You might do worser than it, howsomdever.
I’ll go—I see I am not wanted.

JACK. Tarry !

What say you now if I should marry ?

MRS. M. My poor lost boy ! (*embracing him.*)

JACK. You don’t see my appliance ;
I mean a wealthy matrimonial alliance.
See (*showing glove, fan, nosegay*) these are trophies of
my last night’s ball.
The owners say they love me.

Mrs. M. One and all !
Oh, well, I never did, in my young days !
Girls are so forward now—that's what I says.
JACK. And what is this ? (*producing bean from pocket.*
Whatever does it mean ?
It looks like—yes, it is a large horse-bean !
Ah, I remember, an old lady gave it
To me, and told me I had better save it ;
'Twould bring me such good fortune. Well, who knows ?
Perhaps it will. I'll set it, so here goes !

(*Music—JACK sets bean at the side, R. U. E. Exit
MRS. MARPLOT with wash-tub, &c., and afterwards
with clothes-line to house, L.*)

Enter LUCY, listlessly, R.

LUCY. Oh, I am so dreadful, horrid tired ;
I've danced so much.

JACK. And been so much admired.
LUCY. Holloa, young man ! may I ask who you air ?
JACK. My name is Novel.
LUCY. Of that I am awarc.
JACK. My name is Jack—my father's it were Bill.
LUCY. Oh, never mind him.

JACK. On the Crampion Hill—
LUCY. Grampian Hills !
JACK. No, Crampion. In the heather
My parent took rheumatics ; then took to his feather
Bed—or rather, to his flocks.

LUCY. (*aside*) What breeding !
JACK. Those were the only flocks he took to feeding ;
But you're fatigued. (*observing her.*)

LUCY. And cross.
JACK. Of that I'm doubting.

So lovely, to be cross !

LUCY. You see, I'm pouting.
JACK. You pout your lips, till cherries they resemble ;
But you're not cross—you surely must dissemble.
If I might dare to say it, too, your wiles
Are dang'rous when you wreath your face in smiles !
Oh my, I feel so queer, that I must say

That to my heart you've found the shortest way—
You've wounded me

LUCY. I'm very sorry for you.

JACK. Do pity me, for really I adore you. (*kneels*)

SONG—JACK—AIR : “*Tommy Dodd.*”

We'll lead a very merry life,

We'll keep a house in town,

If you will only be my wife,

Oh say you'll be my own.

Since I've seen you I'm deep in love.

It makes me feel so odd,

My heart is riddled through and through,

With love of Lucy Dodd.

Chorus. You're the girl I'd like to win,

Lucy Dodd;

For you I wish I'd lots of tin,

Lucy Dodd;

In love I'm over head and ears,

Lucy Dodd ;

So now for her I give three cheers,

Hurrah for Lucy Dodd!

(*the bean is seen growing up.*

LUCY. Jack, still I think our engagement should be ended,

Your fortune is too small.

JACK. Yes, but I'll mend it.

Oh, don't you fear, I'll equal you in station.

I'll take a first-rate government situation.

(JACK leads LUCY to seat at back.)

Enter MRS. MARPLOT, R.

MRS. M. (to JACK) Oh, you deluded orphan, oh, for shame;

Who's that young woman—what's the minx's name?

(JACK coming forward with MRS. MARPLOT.)

SONG.—JACK.—AIR : “*She's a Pal o' mine.*”

Don't make a noise and I'll tell to you
What luck I have had,

Lucy is a gal o' mine
 The best of girls I ever knew
 Is this gal o' mine.
 Upon my chance I take my stand—
 We've had some private talk,
 I claim this nice young lady's hand
 If you will not me baulk.

My dear ma, my dear ma,
 She's a gal o' mine,
 She a gal o' mine,
 That she is—ha! ha!

(the bean has grown up.)

Mrs. M. (R.) My wig!

JACK. (C.) My stars!

Mrs. M. My chignon!

LUCY. (L.) My back hair!

JACK. Upon my word and honour I declare —

LUCY. What?

JACK. I sow'd a bean.

LUCY. Ah, did you so?

JACK. And isn't it a stunning bean to grow.

(Mrs. M. gets telescope and looks up through it, business.)

JACK. But what an interruption. Botheration

This Bean's talk stops our further conversation.

Tat-ta! Good-bye! (runs up stage.)

Mrs. M. You wouldn't go to leave her.

LUCY. You'd not turn out a cruel, base deceiver?

JACK. No, never! (embraces LUCY and MRS. MARPLOT.)

Dame Fortune points the way.

I'll mount her ladder. Fare you well, good day.

(JACK goes to stall.)

LUCY. Oh, fatal chance; unhappy shall I be!

With all his fine talk, Jack is up a tree.

What girl is there not pleased to have a lover?

But then, who likes to think that he's above her?

TRIO—AIR—“Good-bye, John.”

LUCY. It must be Friday morning, for

My lover says good-bye;

JACK. The bean has grown to any length,
So I must mount sky high—
I pledge my troth.

MRS. M. Oh, bless you both.

JACK. My Lucy, weep no more.

LUCY. Make haste return,

JACK. For you I burn.

BOTH. Good luck's for us in store.

CHORUS. Good-bye John, don't stay long,

But come back soon

To your own chickabiddy.

Oh, my heart beats so;

Bean-stalks grow,

That take away my lover.

(LUCY and MRS. MARPLOT *exeunt*, R., JACK mounts up bean-stalk; a ladder having been placed behind it. Scene closes.)

SCENE SECOND.—*Giant's kitchen. Music, "Chinese Shadows."*

Enter Mrs. BLUNDERBORE, she lays table, chair, cloth, glass, etc.—dancing.

Mrs. B. There—everything is ready, clean, and straight;

If home the giant comes he needn't wait,
But sit down here and eat and gorge and stuff,
As fast as he can swallow, till he's had enough.
(pause) It's pleasant in the country to reside,
But sitting mum, is what I can't abide.

I don't e'en with my next door neighbour chat;
It's plain enough this kind of life is flat.

Talking to one's self at least beats mumbling,
And there's some satisfaction left in grumbling.

SONG.—AIR—“Rut-catcher's Daughter.”

Once on a time, that's long ago,

I was a most dutiful daughter,

Till Blunderbore height, with manners polite,
Made light of my heart to make slaughter.

He took off his hat, and down he sat,
 And turned out a wonderful courter,
 Till my papa so gay found me flown away,
 So he was bereft of a daughter.
 With a doodle dum, &c.

We married in haste—of love had a taste,
 But alas a change came soon arter,
 My giant so dear took to treating me queer,
 I began to feel I was a martyr.
 I cook and he eats, but the kind of treats
 I get are those I could barter,
 For with sniffling and crying I'm sure I am dying,
 Or I'll first make a hole in the water,
 With a doodle dum, &c.

(*loud knocking, L.*

Who's dat knocking at the door?
 Dat you Joe?

JACK. (*without, L.*) No, Jack; and what is more
 I'll knock again.

Mrs. B. Begone, you understrapper.
 I think you no more than a spirit rapper.
 I'm not at *Home*, you needn't think to try on
 Me such jokes, I am not Mrs. Lyon.
 You're not the chap for me to parley to.

JACK. Oh, let me in, that I may *parlez vous*.
 I am a traveller, and I've lost my way.

Mrs. B. If Blunderbore should catch him, then, to pay
 The deuce there'd be. Yet—though 'tisn't proper—
 I'll let him in, and hide him in the copper.

(*exit Mrs. BLUNDERBORE, L., and returns with JACK.*

JACK. (L.) Madam, I really must apologise
 For taking you thus wholly by surprise.
 Provoking, 'tis, to take you unawares;
 The trains are slow, (you know they've raised the fares),
 Then all the cabs have struck, you know that, too?
 'Twas, not the *handsome* thing for *cabs* to do;
 Travelling in this way 'twas that made me late,
 And hence my salutation at your gate.

MRS. B. Young man, I grieve you showed your fair young wizen
 Before my house, to you 't may prove a prison.
 I could a tale unfold, a very wrong 'un,
 No man can set it right, except a strong 'un.
 I am a deep embodiment of woe,
 My lips are sealed--I'll tell you in dumb show.

(JACK goes up.)

(characteristic dance by MRS. BLUNDERBORE—
knocking without, they both rush and look off.

MRS. B. There is the giant come.

JACK. Oh, what a whopper!

MRS. B. Come, hurry off, and get inside the copper.

(JACK gets into copper, R.—MRS. BLUNDERBORE, goes off, L., and re-enters with BLUNDERBORE.

BLUNDER. Mistress Blunderbore, I wish to state,
 That at my own door I decline to wait.

I'd get six months, if I should stoop to beat you—
 Instead of that, if you rile me, I'll eat you.

MRS. B. I fear I'd disagree with you.

BLUNDER. No doubt.

The sauce might take you down.

MRS. B. There now, get out,
 You cannibal!

BLUNDER. Away! you false old sinner!
 Yes, I can nibble, if you'll set my dinner.

(exit MRS. BLUNDERBORE, R., and return with dish-cover
 &c., BLUNDERBORE sits at table.)

SONG—BLUNDERBORE—AIR: “Meet me in the Lane.”

Oh, meat is just the game
 When you want to dine,
 With gravy and potatoes
 It will go down fine;
 Mint sauce and pickled onions,
 A quart of cooper too,
 I can eat enough for nine—
 That's what I can do.
 It often leads to sleeping,

It runs up the housekeeping,
The gourmand's pleasure reaping,
Yet how I love to dine.

Oh, meat is just the game, &c.

Mrs. B. Now, hubby dearest, you've been in the city;
what's going on?

BLUNDER. I tell you it's a pity
Women will pry, they cannot comprehend
These things. They say, though, matters soon will mend.
That's several banks have broken. It just dropt
That draughts upon the Aldgate pump are stopped.
I heard a rumour, though not much relied on it,
That the Thames banks had both got on one side on it.
Then as to Leadenhall Market they declare
Its gone and sold the Poultry.

Mrs. B. That's not fair.
But what of ladies dresses? That's your sort.

BLUNDER. Oh, they are very long or very short.
About the ladies chignons—it is said
(The rumour may be wrong upon that head)
That ladies now build castles in their hair,
But that's without foundation.

Mrs. B. Well what wear!
Still that I call a jolly bit of news.

BLUNDER. The Horseguards too they say have got the blues.
And as to war—at present nothing's doing
Hemp too is dull—in hops there's mischief brewing.
The Derby, when told "Hotspur's" tip wouldn't win it
The Admiral shook his head—there's nothing in it.

(exit MRS. BLUNDERBORE, L.—BLUNDERBORE at table,
JACK enters slyly and tickles his legs with twig.)

Puss, puss, pussy. There now, I declare
I thought it was the cat bencath my chair.

(JACK repeats it.)
Oh, don't! whate'er you are whate'er you be
Come, cut your larks—Oh, can it be a flea
Within my hose. (JACK tickles his face and exit, R.)

Herc, wife bring me some drink.

MRS. B. (*without*) From the green bottle?

BLUNDER. No girl, I should think
It must be the bluebottle—there it goes;
I thought I felt it settle on my nose.

Enter MRS. BLUNDERBORE, with jug and pipe, &c.

MRS. B. What is it moves you?

BLUNDER. Something round me skipping
Like the mosquitoes brought here in the shipping.
They bring the pests always from parts that's furrain,
The rinderpest which we should call a murrain.

MRS. B. Allow me, sir, to give a slight suggestion—
You're suffering, I see, from indigestion.

There, let me see your tongue—it's very brown;
A dance, I think, would shake your dinner down.

BLUNDER. That is a bitter medicinal pill;
Spouse as you say I must, I s'po(u)se I will.

(*They dance minuet—tune, "Gavotte de Vestris."*)

MRS. B. There, take your pipe.

(*exit MRS. BLUNDERBORE, with dish-cover, etc., after
pouring out drink.*)

BLUNDER. Pour me out some drink—
Ho music! I will try and sleep a wink.

(*speaks through music.*)

To forty wink, to sleep, to dream—that's funny
I always sleep much better on my money.
For in these dreams of mine such things transpire
I often fancy the whole crib's on fire.
Wife bring my ready cash (for that I'll thank her)
I never will send loose cash to my banker. (he smokes.)

*Enter MRS. BLUNDERBORE with money-bags, &c., she places
them on table. JACK puts his head in.*

MRS. B. So, there they are, and now I'll get the hen—
How she lays golden guineas I can't ken:
She is a benteraining sort of cratur'
I couldn't incubate a hen to bate her.

(*exit R. and return with hen.*)

BLUNDER. All right my dear, fill up my cup.

MRS. B. I'm thinking
Of late you seem to take much more to drinking.

BLUNDER. Never you mind, your jaw you'd better stop
(exit Mrs. BLUNDERBORE, n)

I'm always jolly when I've had a drop.

(music—"Come where my love lies Dreaming.")

(BLUNDERBORE sleeps.)

Enter JACK, n., takes up money bags and hides with them.

BLUNDER. (talking in his sleep) Ohho! ahah! hahum,
where is the slave?

Who knows not how to act nor yet behave?

Oh blow the wind until your cheeks do crack.

Enter Mrs. BLUNDERBORE and shakes him up.

MRS. B. You've got the spasms lying on your back;
Get up. (BLUNDERBORE wakes, MRS. BLUNDERBORE hits him)

BLUNDER. Oh wife I've had such horrid dreams
They gave me quite a fright.

MRS. B. Yes so it seems.

BLUNDER. Some ills a brewing, things are not quite
right,

For I did dream of money bags to-night,

(discovers loss of bags.)

The truth alas eclipses all my fear,

The money bags are gone! are gone! that's clear.

SONG—BLUNDERBORE—AIR: "They are gone from my
gaze."

They are gone from my gaze,

While I was in a dream,

If I seek them in vain

Very hard it will seem.

Should they not soon turn up,

I will (with other lies)

In the agony column

Of the "Tele" advertise.

But how, and when, who is it has me chizelled?

(seizes Mrs. BLUNDERBORE.)

Explain at once, how has my fortune mizelled.
 Woman, confess, or in the deepest dungeon,
 This dagger in your heart I'll be a *plungeon*.
 Where have you put the swag? reveal it straight;
 I for auricular confession wait.

MRS. B. My dearest husband, hear me. (*kneels.*)

BLUNDER. Then be quick.

Out with your tale, at once, smooth, straight and slick,
 Or this particular trifle you'll be feeling

(producing a large dagger.)

Across your throat; I shan't care for your squealing.

MRS. B. You flurry me, I can't collect my wits.

BLUNDER. Be calm, I wait. (*aside*) I'll cut her all to
 bits.

Enter JACK, he steals across to her, n.

MRS. B. I don't know nothing!

BLUNDER. Nothing?

MRS. B. I assure you.

BLUNDER. You are a thief.

MRS. B. (*pointing to JACK*) The thief now stands
 before you!

(tableau--JACK has taken up the hen and stands
 at back of stage, the hen cackling.)

BLUNDERBORE.

JACK.

MRS. BLUNDERBORE.

r. front.

c. back.

L. front.

FINALE—AIR: “Not for Joe.”

MRS. B. I see my hospitality
 Will cost me very dear,
 I foolishly did let him in.

BLUNDER. I'll cut short his career.
 If knaves come in to take my tin—

JACK. I wish that I could go.

BLUNDER. They must expect to be let in,
 Or else to meet a foo.

Sc. 3]

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

CHORUS.

BLUNDER. Oh dear no, you can't go.

MRS. B. You must know, sir,

I'm }
He's } your foe, sir.

Oh dear, no, you can't go,

I'm }
He's } your foe, sir,

You must know.

JACK. (c. front) Oh dear, no, I can't go,

I might know, sir,

You're my foe, sir, &c.

MRS. B. This rascal came in as a friend,

He passed the time of day,

We chatted gaily, what a sell !

BLUNDER. He shall not get away.

He grabs my cash, but I object

To parting with it so.

He must expect to drop the tin,

Or else to find a foe.

(they run after JACK, who dodges them, MRS.

BLUNDERBORE falls, BLUNDERBORE falls over

her, and they all scramble off L.)

SCENE THIRD.—Downshire, with Marplot's cottage (as in Scene I.)

Enter DAME MARPLOT, leading in LUCY, L. U. E.

DUET.—AIR; “Away with Melancholy.”

DAME M. Don't give way to melancholy,

For time will changes bring;

To try and make you jolly,

I merrily, merrily sing, fal la.

LUCY. For me it would be folly,

Till time my Jack shall bring,

His return would make me jolly,

I'd merrily, merrily sing, fal la.

(repeat together—money bags fall from above.)

DAME M. What, golden showers falling from the skies?

LUCY. And Jack himself—surprise upon surprise!

Enter JACK from beanstalk, at n. side.

JACK. Here, at thy feet, Lucy, I lay my trophies ;
A trifle to buy tables, chairs, and sofas.

LUCY. (L., embracing him) I am so glad to see you back again.

You are not hurt ?

JACK. I haven't c'en a stain
Upon my polished upper leathers—see !
Nothing could cleaner, nicer, or more spotless be.

(noise without—JACK looks up beanstalk. DAME

MARPLOT enters from the house and returns with telescope—comic business).

It is the giant—I will cut him dead ;
The case shall soon be settled on his head !
His swift career immediately I'll stop,
By ordering for his lordship just *one chop*.
Quick, pass the chopper—I must try and catch it.

LUCY. (giving hatchet) I'm not the sort of girl to throw the hatchet. JACK chops the beanstalk—it falls)

BLUNDERBORE stumbles on and falls prostrate, L. U. E.

JACK. (L.) How feel you after that ?

BLUNDER. (c. faintly) I am killed quite.

I'm done with that downer.

DAME M. Serve you right.

JACK. I've vanquished you.

BLUNDER. I give in !

JACK. Make your mind up.

Your hand upon it ! Help us with the wind-up.

(BLUNDERBORE gets up and comes forward)

Enter MADAME BLUNDERBORE, L.

BLUNDER. (c.) Ladies and gentlemen, once upon a time I met with a nice little book in rhyme, In which the story which you've just seen played Was told without the jokes we've called in aid ; So, thinking that your pleasure it would serve, We've ventured ; and we hope that we deserve Indulgent criticism. We can't mend it— Our play is done, and so we'd better end it,

FINALE—“Perfect Cure.”

BLUNDER: (*sings*)

Oh, we have played some funny tricks ;
You think us silly elves,
But in life's road we may get kicks,
So take care of yourself.

JACK. Once I loved a nice young gal,
Named Lucy, to be sure ;
When we are spliced I hope she'll prove
To me a perfect cure.

ALL. (*dancing*) A cure, &c.

DAME M. My washing o'er, my task is done ;
My cares I now lay by—
Those troubles for my slippery son,
I may confess my eye !

LUCY. Hand in hand with Jack, my life
In joy I may ensure.

MADAM B. In matrimonial bliss you'll find
For all a perfect cure.

All dance to “A cure, a cure,” &c.

LUCY. JACK. MRS. B. BLUNDERBORE. DAME.
(R.) (L.)

Curtain.

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